The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

My Kitten.

OF all the cats in Catland
My "Kitten" is the belle;
So very large, so handsome too,
A splendid tortoise-shell.

"My Kitten" she is always called,
She has no other name;
Although she's fully three years old,
She's "Kitten" just the same.

Her robe is very elegant,
So sleek and soft her fur;
Her tail is of a graceful length;
There's music in her purr.

She's frolicsome as any kit,
And full of playful grace,
But she will scratch with her sharp claws,
Like all her cunning race.

Kitten is very fond of books,
You'd think she went to college;
Though she can't read, perhaps she knows
Books are the guides to knowledge.

A petted puss my kitten is,
Her master's favorite cat;
He thinks no place too nice for her,
On cushion, bed, or mat.

He's proud of puss; he praises her
To all within the house;
He knows she is a deadly foe
To every rat and mouse.

But kitten has her temper tried,
If you'll believe my words,
The daring rogues that plague poor puss
Are the beautiful, bright birds.

My kitten stretched upon the grass,
Lying with half-shut eyes,
A swallow from a neighboring nest
The cunning kit espies.

"Now for my supper," pussy says,
"I'll have a bit quite nice;
For should a bird just fly this way,
I'll catch it in a trice."

If the gay swallows know her tricks,
I'm sure they do not care;
They soon come flying from their nests,
And circling through the air.

Darting at puss, they seem to say:
"We understand your plan,
And madam, we will have a game
Of, catch me if you can."

They fly so near the eager kit,
So tempting and so tame,
At first she likes it well, and thinks
She soon shall win the game.

Ah! these merry birds are all too swift;
They mock puss with their play;
Till she grows angry at their sport,
And crossly walks away.

The swallows, singing as they flit,
This lesson seem to teach,—
"Neighbor, it is unwise to want
Things far above your reach." *Fanny Firefly.*

For the Myrtle.

A Walk in the Woods.

SOFT and bright is this spring day; the first that we have had to succeed the chilly winds of March that have been blowing upon us, searching through our garments, and making us more uncomfortable than the "snapping cold" of February. It is a new day to us all, this charming one in April. A very singular month is this April, full of smiles and tears, with a touch of nearly all the months of the year in it. But this day is one of the rare ones for even April itself. Let us away to the woods, and take a breathing of the sweetness there.

The warm south wind invites us out. We cannot disregard her salutations, as she fans our cheek and so softly plays with our hair. The

sun, too, gives us a cordial welcome to-day, though he looks through an atmosphere somewhat hazy to do so. I hear the merry voices of the children, hailing such a scene as this day brings them. Their voices ring like notes from a silver trumpet. The cattle around the long barn near the neighboring farm-house stand still and quiet, drinking in the genial air of the day; and the fowls are in the neighboring field, taking the sun, and picking through the dry grass which has laid there as matting all winter, into the lively-looking green that is just peeping above it.

To the woods, we said, and thither we will go, over that old wall, and along by the way of that path that leads through the valley to the hillside, where the old oak, hemlock and pine trees are inviting us. They have stood there all the winter, braving the storms and laughing at their wildest raging. What cared they for the fuss the winds made? Let them blow; they could bear their blasts without being broken down or uprooted. They have heard too many tempests howl and rage to be frightened by them. They have lived through another winter, all the stronger for their healthful exercise in the open air, and now they are ready for a full summer life, such as is coming for them.

Hark! what a goodly welcome is that to the grove. It is the blue-bird. What a happy fellow, and how full of life he is, sporting in that bright jacket, which looks as though it had been dipped in the depths of a June sky to give it the blue it has. His song is cheering. He is inviting us to come into his groveland home. He has company. Quite a number of his own kith and kin are here; and not far off there is another musician who always knows when Spring comes. We can tell his voice, always. It is Robin Redbreast; and if he has come, we shall have more bright spring days ere long. Here he is, close by us, on that large limb of the oak. How plump he looks, and what a red front he has, and how quick and free are all his motions! Away he goes again into the thicket.

There, too, is another dweller in this home of Nature's own preparing,—Master Squirrel, with his bushy tail rising over his back like a brown plume. He has just come out of that little dark door-way at the bottom of that huge old stump which looks so much like a piece of ancient carved wood in ruins. It is a squirrel castle now, I'll warrant you, ruins or not. There are some comfortable lodgements beneath it, I have no doubt, where the little "bunnys" have lived snugly through the winter time, and from which they come to snuff the sweet air of this glorious spring day. Let them have as much of it as they please.

Aha! There is something we did not expect to see; and we should not have met it had we not come into the still woods here. It is a butterfly, with his dark brown wings bordered with white, and with a motion that bespeaks his joy on being able to be making himself free in airy space again. He has had a long and close confinement, and now let him have many long days of freedom. He is a little thing, but he fills a great place here. He gives a rare tinting to the charming scene.

The carpet of leaves has kept well through the winter. It has been cleanly kept by the full snows that have lain upon it so long. The oak leaves look as though they had been pretty well bleached. The checkerberry leaves are as fresh as any green thing can be, and the mosses are smiling to see spring light once more. Only here and there can a sign of snow be seen, and these will be gone by to-morrow; as where a little snow lay yesterday, the water-pools are standing to-day. In a few weeks what a glad life everything here will have put on!

What a luxury is it to be here! What a greeting do the trees and the birds give us; yea, and all these indications of wakening life and beauty. What thanksgivings should they inspire in us, what praises call forth to Him whose hand fashioned the earth, and all the trees of the forest; who hath said: "I know all the fowls of the mountain; and all the beasts of the forest are mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." Hath he not made everything beautiful in his time? And was not the Psalmist right when he exclaimed, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hath thou made them all"?

Rev. J. G. Adams.

Weather Song.

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But
Be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

Recitation

FGR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

Emmie.—How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
"Dear Saviour, I've been seeking
One sheep that went astray;
Alone upon the mountain
I heard him making moan;
And lo! I come at nightfall,
Bearing him safely home.

Lizzie.—One little word that we may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed.

Addie.—Then let us try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in our power,
To do it while we can.

All in Concert.—Up and work while Jesus calls us;
Up and work, then, while we may;
Be not weary, God will bless us,
Up and work for Christ to-day. *L.F.*

For the Myrtle.

Katie's Party.

Katie was a dear little girl of eight years; she was a lovable, sweet-tempered child. See her when you would, upon her face was always a pleasant smile. No wonder everybody loved her. She was one of those children whom you could not resist drawing towards you, with a caress. Her parents were wealthy; but although Katie had every wish gratified, she was not spoiled. Her play-house was the delight of all the little girls of her acquantance. Beautiful dolls, furniture for parlor and kitchen, tea-sets of daintiest china, and dinner service with everything needful for a fine company dinner; and even a pretty little extension table and chairs did she have, of a size for Katie and her little friends to sit at to play tea, or to dine.

Other toys she owned of every description, and her indulgent parents had a small room arranged, with shelves, so that Katie might have a place to put her treasures—a small closet for her dishes — her little "kitchen" in one corner, and her "parlor" in another. Now do you wonder that Katie's little friends were delighted to come and see her?

Many happy hours were passed in the play-house. On our little friend's eighth birthday she had a party. Now, for every little girl, the word "party" has a magic sound. They all know what it portends, so of course you will all be interested in Katie's party. All the little girls of her acquaintance were invited, and as it was mid-summer. they were all dressed in white. They came early, and soon the play-room was full of little ladies, and the sound of happy voices and laughter rang through the large house. The dolls were robed in their best, and behaved very nicely, and the children enjoyed their society exceedingly. Before tea the company went with Katie to the garden, where they frolicked on the smooth green lawn like so many lambs, until called to tea.

The table was laid in the summer-house, and presented a beautiful appearance. Very inviting were the dainty cakes and tarts, tiny biscuits, luscious strawberries peeping forth from rich cream, and everything just as nice as a loving mamma could make it. Beside each plate, and scattered along the table, were fragrant little bouquets, which of course shed their perfume around the circle, and made a fragrant group of natural flowers and human blossoms. Under each plate was a token of Katie's love for her little friends. You may be sure that it was a happy group of little girls who left the supper-table and joined Katie in one grand frolic before they went home — all well pleased with the party.

Well, our little friend is eight years old—very young, but we hope she will always be as good and lovely as she is now. Her goodness will shine in her face, and the older she grows the more beautiful will she become, and she will be always beloved.

Our faces bear the imprint of our characters; and how much better it is to have the features of little girls and boys reflect goodness, obedience and love, than naughtiness, disobedience, cross words, and contention.

Little Plaid Sun-bonnet.

Little plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side?
Any short ringlets half out of curl?
Any round forehead as pure as pearl?
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?
Is it the wind makes you jump up and down,
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?

Oh, earth is bright, by the glad Summer kissed!
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed;
Acres of buttercups, growing so gay,
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charms were destroyed,
All your fresh meadows how wint'ry and void,
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride,
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide!

For the Myrtle.

About Hisses.

FRANK and Fred went out rowing on the pond. They had business of their own this morning; they were going across to the swamp to pick cowslips for dinner, so they went very straight on their way.

But Madame Squawk and all the young Squawks were out on the pond, and came sailing and hissing after them, as much as to say, "S-s-s! What are you here for? This pond belongs to us. S-s-s—what right have you ruffling up the water?" and so on, all across the pond.

And when they rowed back to the house, on came all the Squawks again, sneering and hissing,—"S-s-s,—'fore I'd pick greens this bright morning! S-s-s,—don't you wish you could sail and dive and sun yourself as we do? S-s-s,—go along with your clumsy old boat!"

Now what did Fred and Frank do at such treatment as this? Why, they laughed and splashed a little water on the goslings' backs, and rowed along. They did not think it worth while to argue the point with goslings; and as for hissing and sneering back, that was not their way of expressing themselves. So the Squawks hissed and paddled after till they got ashore, and then sailed back with great dignity, as if they had really driven them off the pond.

I wonder if our young readers have ever seen any of the Squawk family on this great pond which we call life? We have known some old geese that were about as silly as these goslings. We heard once of a man who got angry at something his pastor said in church, and he said to his friend next day:

"I just got up and walked out of the house."

"Did you?" said his friend. "Well, *the services went on*, didn't they?"

We have heard of a lawyer who was annoyed by a young prig who kept interrupting him, till finally he stopped his plea, and began telling a story about his dog. The dog went out every night and barked at the moon, hour after hour. The lawyer dwelt on this till the judge got out of patience, and said, "Well, what of it?"

"O nothing," said the lawyer; "nothing in the world. *The moon went right on.*"

And when an honest, straightforward boy hears any small geese paddling and hissing behind him, "S-s-s,—'fore I'd wear patched clothes, and save every cent of my money!" "S-s-s, old book-worm—hasn't got spirit enough to play truant!" "S-s-s,—baby-boy, to be cooped up in Sabbath School all day!"—what had he better do? We would advise him to do about what Frank and Fred did—*row right along.*

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A blind old beggar, with his hat in hand,
Neglected by the busy passers-by,
I noticed shyly at a corner stand,
With moisture falling from his sightless eye.
A child came by—a laughing little creature—
With joy and innocence in every feature—
Skipping forth gaily to an apple stand,
She saw the beggar and became less gay:
Then flung the bit of silver in her hand
Into the old man's hat, and ran away.

The Story of a String.

SOMETIMES when I lie half-asleep on the shelf here, I dream of a time when I stood up with thousands of my fellows, straight and tall towards the summer sky. Then I know I am thinking of that far-away time before my history as a string begins; before the bamboo-tree was cut down, and its straight trunk was split into little beams and posts for Ashmee's cabin, and the tender new fibres next the bark peeled off to make strings to bind together the wicker-work for his chairs.

That is how I came into being. Ashmee and his wife Touloo were building a new house among the spice trees and the roses, and it was all made of bamboo from top to bottom; bamboo-sticks to hold it up and frame it, bamboo leaves to thatch it, long fine strips of bamboo to weave into tables and chairs and baskets, and bamboo fibres to sew them in shape.

I watched all this very curiously, while Ashmee and Touloo worked on as happily as the birds had done at their nests, and I kept thinking eagerly, as they came to our basket for thread, "My turn will come next." I was a poor bit among many larger and better strings, and Touloo twirled me in her soft, dark fingers, and threw me back tnto the basket.

"Now," thought I, sadly, (for everything thinks in this world, even a string,) "now," thought I, "my fate is sealed. I shall never be of any use."

I thought of how I had helped hold up the great branches, and how the birds had sung and the sun shone, and how I was to spend my days amid the rubbish of this mean little basket; and then I felt lonely and miserable, and curled away in the darkest corner.

How long I lay in this passive state I know not, but one day I heard Touloo calling gaily for a string to tie the cover on a basket of fruit to send down to the good priest's house. My heart gave a bound when I saw her dark, smiling face bend over our basket, and sure enough, some good fairy directed her fingers to my own poor, despised self. I was out of prison at last!

How beautiful it was to be out in the great out-door world again! When we reached the good priest's house, I found myself unloosed by slim white fingers, and a white face with blue eyes peered into the basket. How strange looked the good priest beside my master Ashmee,—like one of those far away snow-princes, about whom Touloo used to sing.

He straightened me out in his fingers, looked at me curiously, then curled me up and laid me in a book—a strange kind of book that did not roll up, but opened like doors.

After this, indeed, I had little rest, for my white master had great use for strings, and did not know how to find them in the bamboo. I was fastened around the book and carried in his breast to many a meeting of the people under my kindred trees, and to many a lowly bamboo cot, and at last to Touloo's own dying bed. Then when she gave the good priest her little idol of ivory, the thing she had prized most in all the world, it was wrapped in its foldings of silk, and I was chosen to hold them in their place.

By and by the good priest made a large package to send to his own land, far over the sea. The little idol went with it, but it was put carefully in a box, so I could not go with it. But there was a beautiful Persian shawl that Ashmee had wished to send to the good priest's wife for the sake of Touloo. There I found my place.

I cannot tell of strange sights on the long voyage, for we were walled in a close, dark prison-house on every side, and we knew little but rattling and jolting, until our prison house fell to pieces about us, and then I knew I was in the land of the snow-princess, and when I heard the names Effie and Belle I knew that the two snow-maidens bending over us were the children of the good priest. The priest's wife, whose name was Mamma, looked us all over and decided what to do with each; — the idols to the missionary rooms, the scrolls to the college, the dried flowers and fruits and the spices to be divided among friends, and so on of the whole box full. Lastly she came to the shawl, and so surprised and delighted was she when her eyes fell upon it, that she let me fall from her fingers to the floor.

But little Effie, who had been taught to save strings, picked me out from the broken pieces of the box and the other rubbish, and knotted me together, and twined me about her pretty fingers; and Belle laughed and took me off on her own little hands, and so I went back and forth, in swift and curious ways, so that I hardly knew what was happening to me.

A little boy heard the laughing and came to see. "Oh, a cat's cradle!" he said; "let's have a cat in it!" and he scampered off across the room.

Belle and Effie laughed again, and held out the cradle wide, and the boy tossed in a strange little creature with fierce claws and eyes like a baby tiger. I was so dizzy before, and so frightened now, that I lost all my strength and broke, and the strange creature and I fell together to the floor.

"How much noise you make!" said Mamma. "What have you there?"

"The string that came around your pretty shawl. Effie saved it. Isn't it nice and smooth?"

"Let me see it," said Mamma.

She looked at me carefully, then took down a little glass from a shelf and looked at me again.

"Why, it must be a bamboo cord," said she. "How curious! We must lay it up, Belle, to show to papa's friends."

So I was laid grandly up on the shelf with the little glass, and when people ask, "Why do you keep this string up here?" Mamma says with a smile, "That string is made of bamboo, and came all the way from Ceylon; and I should never have known it but that my little girl saved it for a plaything." And then she tells them about the beautiful shawl, and about poor, dear Touloo, and all the good priest is doing.

I hear her talking, and I have two thoughts all to myself. One is that it is worth while to be even a string. And the other is that things happen to strings a great deal better than if they themselves could choose what should happen to them.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XXXVI.

PARABLES OF THE HID TREASURE AND THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

"Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xiii. 44–46.

Question.—To what treasure does Christ compare the kingdom of heaven?

Answer. — Matt. xiii. 44.

Q. — Did this field belong to the finder of the treasure?

A. — Matt. xiii. 44.

NOTE. When treasures were considered unsafe by the orientals, they were accustomed to bury them in the ground, keeping the place secret. There are allusions to this custom in Proverbs 11–4, and Matt. xxv. 18. By working in the field, or by passing across it, he happened to find the treasure, the owner of which might have died long before.

Q. — Does the man inform any one of what he has found?

A. — Matt. xiii. 44.

NOTE. The words *hideth it* means kept it a secret.

Q. — What does he immediately do?

A. — Matt. xiii. 44.

Q. — With what feelings does he purchase it?

A. — Matt. xiii. 44.

NOTE. There was nothing wrong in these proceedings, for according to the Jewish law, any treasure found upon an estate belonged to the buyer and not to the seller.

Q. — How large a price did he give for the field?

A. — Matt. xiii. 44.

Q. — Is the man represented as seeking anything at the time he found the treasure?

A. — He is not. He *stumbled* upon it; he *happened* to find it.

Q. — To what kind of business does Jesus compare the kingdom of heaven?

A. — Matt xiii. 45.

NOTE. It seems hardly necessary to say that pearls have long been an article of traffic, and have been sold at high prices, according to their size and beauty. Comparisons of truths to pearls and precious stones were familiar to the Jews.—Matt. vii. 6.

Q. — Was the pearl merchant seeking anything?

A. — Matt. xiii. 45.

Q. — What kind of pearls was he seeking?

A. — Matt. xiii. 45.

Q. — What did he find in his search?

A. — Matt. xiii. 45.

Q. — What price did he pay for it?

A. — Matt. xiii. 46.

We have seen that, by a variety of parables, our Saviour illustrated facts in the progress of the Kingdom of heaven. There are those who are not seeking the truths Christ taught, who are not aware of the existence of them, but who, as it were, *stumble* upon them, and receive them with great joy. There are others who are industriously seeking truth, unaware of the great Christian truth, but who unexpectedly find it in their search, and embrace it with exceeding gladness, and are ready to make every sacrifice for it. These two ways into the Kingdom are illustrated in these two parables.

Encouraging Words.

From the far West we receive encouraging accounts of the success of our cause, in the formation of new Sunday Schools and the prosperity of those already organized. All the way from Texas comes a letter of this kind, from Columbus, Colorado Co., in which, asking for specimen copies of our paper, the writer says:

"I wish to introduce the MYRTLE into a Sabbath School just organized in the neighborhood where I live. The people here are not Universalist, and the name has a strange sound to them. But the seeds of our faith only want to be planted here; the soil is rich, and it is sure to bring forth fruit in due season."

From Lawrence, Kansas, comes this cheering word:

"Our society is exerting itself to the utmost to finish and furnish our new church. We are already in it, with a settled pastor, and are all making great efforts to have the cause move steadily on. Our Sunday School has not been assembled since last summer until this spring; but we open hopefully for the year, and want twenty copies of the weekly MYRTLE to go with the papers we already have."

"I Will."

This is a strong word for a person to use; but it is a good word if it signifies doing one's duty. A little fellow who put on a pair of skates for the first time, paid the usual penalty, a hard fall. As he hurt himself badly by the fall, his brother advised him to give up his attempt to use the skates. "No," said the stout-hearted lad, "I shan't give it up; I *can learn* to skate, and I *will* learn;" and so he persisted in his efforts, and became a good skater.

This was the right kind of talk, "I can, and I will." Boys and girls who feel like this, can do anything good; can break off wrong and sinful habits, and practise good ones; can improve themselves in good morals and manners; can make themselves acquainted with the teachings of the Bible; can learn to be Christians. Nobody can be good in a world like this without trying. It requires effort to be good, because there are so many ways in which temptation comes. The ways of the world are slippery as the ice is to the skater. But by perseverence the young may learn to move over them without danger. Never give up in trying to do right. Say "I can and I will," and you will succeed.

Our Sunday Schools.

BERNE, OHIO.

A friend whom the readers of the MYRTLE have heard from often, writes from this place:

"We have elected our officers again, for the Sabbath School this summer. We have had a Sabbath School for five years in succession, and this summer it bids fair to be as interesting as it ever has been, We have always labored hard to instil into the minds of the children the truth of our faith, and we have succeeded, as we hope. Chas. Doan is our Superintendent. We take eighteen numbers of the MYRTLE, and the children are all very much interested in it."

HAMILTON, OHIO.

A large proportion of the additions to the Universalist church for the past two years, has been from the Sunday School. We wish that might be true of every Sunday School in the land!

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

There was an Easter service by the Universalist Sabbath School. A pleasing programme, consisting of recitations, dialogues, songs, &c., was carried out. Some new features were introduced, which added much to the interest of the joyful occasion. A generous Easter offering was contributed for the benefit of the Second Universalist Church of Portland, whose house of worship was destroyed some time since. It amounted to $50.

LOWELL, MASS.

The Sunday School of the Second Church had a Concert on the evening of Easter Sunday, and report says the scholars did so much and so well that no older people were called on to speak. There was absolutely no room for them. They were not needed. A most excellent kind of concert *we* should say.

SCHOOL ST., BOSTON.

The postponed anniversary was held on Sunday afternoon, April 16, the last one, probably, to be held in the old School St. Church. The singing was done by the children, who filled the galleries, and addresses were made by both pastors. The school numbers 335, and has a library of 1725 volumes, and an invested fund of $3000. No change is made in officers, except that made necessary by the resignation of the Vice Superintendent, Dr. T. K. Taylor, who has held that office for fourteen years.

LAFAYETTE, IND.

A good brother writes from this place:

"We have a Union Sunday School in a new place, and I have the privilege of giving them some Sunday School papers, and thus sowing good seed."

Mark that word "*privilege!*"

TYNGSBORO, MASS.

The Universalist Sabbath School gave an exhibition on the evening of April 7th. It consisted of recitations, singing and tableaux, and was very creditable to the scholars and all concerned. It gave them an addition to their funds, and will enable them to increase their library. The school has prospered because of its zealous friends and helpers. When it was first talked of, some asked, "Where will the children come from?" A good friend answered, "Begin the school and you will see." The school was opened, and has increased from 24 to 60. A friend of the school writes: "If there is any other society situated as we were, without a pastor, tell them to form a Sabbath School."

WEARE, N. H.

An Easter Sabbath School Concert was given by the Universalist Sabbath School. This school celebrates its *fiftieth* anniversary with a concert on the third Sabbath in June.

NEW YORK.

The ladies of the First Universalist Mission are doing a noble work. On Saturdays, from 9 to 11 A. M., they have an industrial school, that now has two hundred and fifty pupils! The expenses are borne by the school, and the work is entirely carried on by the teachers and older scholars.

Special Notice.

As our readers will notice by the terms of subscription, THE MYRTLE is afforded at a price which places it within the means of every child of our Church to have a *weekly* paper. We solicit your aid in extending its circulation. If there are no persons in your family who need it, or if it is already taken, there may be some little friend or relative to whom it would be a most welcome and valuable present. The subscriptions already received prove that it can be circulated not only in places in which we have Societies and Sunday Schools, but also in towns and communities in which we have no public worship. We have received a number of clubs from such places; and some of these were secured by children. We ask our people to encourage us in this enterprise of giving our children a weekly paper.

Specimen copies sent free to any address, upon application, and we solicit requests for them.

Initial Bible Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters:

1. The river that Babylon is situated upon.
2. That which signifies bitter.
3. The man whom Barnabas took with him to Cyprus.
4. The place where Paul preached.
5. The father of Ham.
6. The father of Meremoth.
7. A brother of Jacob.
8. A certain woman, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira.

My whole signifies "God with us." *B. E. D,*

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